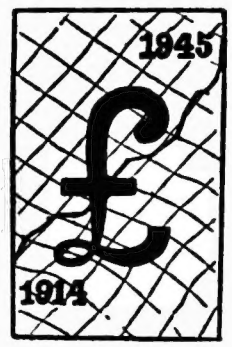
Week ending August 4 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

"COST OF LIVING" IS A SHAM

See page 5



Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?

It's wonderful!

Macleans Tooth Paste—1/1 per tube

You've earned your Guinness— it'll do you good

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

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—never a spare minute

Like most other people in these days, the Librarian leads a busy, worrying life; and her overworked nerves are grateful for a soothing cup of Rowntree's Cocoa. Many a hard-pressed housewife, too, after a long, tiring day of cleaning, cooking, washing-up, bedmaking and shopping, finds that Rowntree's Cocoa calms her jangled nerves and aids digestion. Unlike so many other drinks, it contains body-building protein, energy-giving carbohydrate and fat.

Rowntree's Cocoa
soothes frayed nerves

Supplies, naturally, are not at peace-time levels; and in some districts O.K. Sauce is zoned. Soon we hope, everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K.,

44% FRUIT

OK

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

"A HEALTHY AND WELL-BALANCED AGRICULTURE"

Never before have a vigorous agriculture and the practice of good husbandry been so vital to national well-being as in these years of war, when agriculture has become our "fourth line of defence". They are no less to be desired in times of peace.

The provision of seasonal and other credit is only one of many services that a modern bank can contribute to these ends. A scientific, well-planned agriculture demands close accounting and detailed costing. For these purposes, as for the transmission and collection of money with ease, economy and safety, a banking account forms an indispensable part of a progressive farmer's equipment.

The manager of any branch of the Midland Bank—Britain's largest bank—will gladly explain to any farmer, market gardener or other participator in Britain's most extensive industry the manifold ways in which the operation of a banking account will help him.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

Come on David!

YOU wouldn't think to look at him now that there was a time when they almost gave him up. Like so many babies he couldn't digest his food. Then someone suggested Nestlé's Milk and from the first feed he came on famously. Nestlé's Milk is rich, full cream country milk. Nature's own perfect food, specially prepared to make it digestible by the most delicate baby.

RICHEST IN CREAM **Nestlé's Milk**

Who's going to do the dirty work?

Not you — if you're wise enough to plan *now* electrical improvements for your post-war home . . .

Whether you're hoping for a brand-new home, or having your present one repaired or reconstructed, Electricity can cut the dirt and drudgery of housework to a minimum. Why not make sure of all the comfort and cleanliness, all the added leisure, that Electricity can bring?

Go to your Electricity showrooms now. Talk things over with their experts, and see how they can help you in your little piece of reconstruction!

ELECTRICITY IMPROVES

THEY DO SAY THERE'S SOME
QUICK QUAKER OATS
ABOUT

It's true. Limited supplies are now on sale after all these years. What richness, what flavour—how delicious, how nutritious! What a lovely way to start the day—with a tempting plateful of nourishing Quick Quaker Oats.

Q.O.28B

A little COLMAN'S MUSTARD goes a long way

The Nation's Economical Condiment

If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it

For nearly six years [illegible] the Horlicks that has been [illegible] has gone to the fighting [illegible] the hospitals, and war factor[illegible] These needs will still have to [illegible]

It is nevertheless [illegible] that the shops will receive [illegible] increasing quantities of Horlicks [illegible] the months go by, but if you [illegible] find Horlicks difficult to [illegible] it is because many continue to have special need of it. [illegible] make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

"Mars are marvellous"

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

Mars

ZONED TO THE SOUTH

She's Leader in her Street

If you walk along Sylvan Road, Walthamstow, any Monday morning, you'll see Mrs. Payne at No. 1 hanging out the washing at 9.30 prompt. Mrs. Payne is proud of her reputation for having the whitest wash in the street. "It's the Rinso no-boil method that does it," she says. "My whites *couldn't* be whiter! And I'm done an hour and a half sooner! No boiling for me, thank you!"

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

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August 4 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2042 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE

WHATEVER YOUR political views, whether you like the Election results or not, you can rejoice at one thing.

We can all rejoice.

The voice of Britain has rung out clearly.

We have told the world that this country will not be blinded by sentimentality or flustered by fear. We have made it clear that we are willing to change in a changing world, that we recognise the need for bold decisions, and that we are determined to put the fate of Men before the destiny of a single Man, however great he may be or whatever our gratitude to him.

The decision may be regretted by the Royalist minorities of Greece and Belgium, by the crumbling autocracy of Franco, by the gamblers on Wall Street and our own Stock Exchange.

They do not matter. Their day is done, though they may not yet realise it. What matters is the policy the new Government will pursue at home and abroad.

IT WILL SUPPORT the principles agreed upon at San Francisco, which, in the long run, must prove more powerful than the desires of kings and dictators.

At home, it must grapple immediately and firmly with issues so great, so dangerous, that delay would be unpardonable and mistakes disastrous.

Housing, demobilisation, the switch-over to peace time production, the export trade, the wasting disease of the mines—any one of these and other problems would have intimidated a pre-war administration.

Moreover, it is highly possible that the new Government will be confronted with obstruction—slow, stealthy and almost imperceptible — from the Vested Interests.

Whatever our political views, whether we like the Election results or not, it is the duty of us all to counter such attempts and so to prevent the rise of a disguised Fascism.

By the people, for the people, the new Government has been elected. It must be enabled to rule for the people.

The Editor

Our Chance to Lead the World

Hope for the Resistance. Big Job for Anti-Nazi Baron. Admiral Who Gets Around. More Income Tax Officials! Prune the R.A.F. Homeless Old Folk

LABOUR'S GREAT CHANCE? It is more than that. This is Britain's chance to lead the world.

Europe has been awaiting a positive policy in keeping with the ideals for which countless people have died, have been tortured horribly, have striven and hoped.

By virtue of our position, Britain has had the responsibility of shaping such a policy. Hitherto, it has not been forthcoming. Instead, there has been half-hearted support for the discredited relics of a dead traditionalism.

Frustrated Aims

As a result, there is no unity among the war-torn States of the Continent. Though all Europe has swung Left, the young men and women of the Resistance movements have found themselves baulked by indecision and apprehension—indecision arising from lack of inspiration from London, apprehension that a conservative Britain would not support those in other countries who were determined to break with the past.

So the new movements had to mark time. Unwanted kings manœuvred for British backing. Unpopular governments were able to retain uneasy power.

The Ambitious Young

Now Britain has gone Left. It has returned a Party that contains a high proportion of young men and women not less eager than their comrades in the Resistance armies.

Assured of British sympathy with aspirations for reform and social justice, the democratic peoples abroad can start work. And the Fascists who had seized the period of indecision to raise their heads again must retire into obscurity or pay the penalty.

Britain the Bridge

As for the world beyond Europe, the effects must also be profound. Britain will be able to provide a stronger link with the contrasting systems of Russia and the United States.

It is no secret that President Truman would have liked Europe to remain a little Right of the Centre. Had that happened, Russia's suspicions would have been intensified and she might well have withdrawn into virtual isolation. Now it cannot happen; the World Security Organisation can be made a reality.

India will have fresh impetus towards a solution of its problems. The "backward peoples" will look confidently for help to develop their lands and raise their standards of living.

Now for Work!

At home, Labour can begin the task of Reconstruction on a firm basis.

After 40 and more years' struggle, it has won overwhelming power. The majority of the people have shown an impatience to be rid of the shackles imposed by the forces of Privilege. They have made a clean sweep in order to make a clean start.

Labour has chosen a strong team. It has no excuse for not acting strongly; it has enough experience to combine firmness with discretion, to temper eagerness with wisdom. Now let it get down to business!

People's Parliament

CERTAINLY THE NEW PARLIAMENT can claim to be representative of the people. One hundred and seventy Servicemen have been elected; nearly a hundred trades union officials are in.

Journalists have done better than ever before; twenty-one are now M.P.s—the same number as medical men. Engineers and professors, farmers and accountants, artisans and clergymen swell the ranks.

Above all, the women (all of them, save two, Labour nominees) should be able to contribute usefully to the Debates.

Anti-Nazi Germans

BARON ERNST VON WEIZSAECKER, former German Ambassador to the Holy See, who spent the last months of the war at the Vatican in disgrace with the Berlin authorities, has satisfied the Allies that he is genuinely anti-Nazi and to be trusted with a job under the Allied Control Commission.

Hundreds of other German candidates have been undergoing stringent tests, among them ex-M.P.'s—Catholics, Socialists and Democrats—who not so long ago languished in concentration camps.

Some of the names were furnished by Faulhaber, Cardinal of Munich, who, as spiritual head of German Roman Catholics, opposed the Nazis from the first.

No Rip Van Winkles

BRITISH WAR PRISONERS now in Japanese hands will come back out of touch with home affairs, having had no British newspapers and few letters from the old country.

But Army repatriation depots plan to bridge the gap by showing them news and other films of the period since 1941.

Admiral and Mixer

BY NO MEANS ALOOF from the lower deck is Vice-Admiral Sir Bernard Rawlings, commander of the British Pacific Fleet task force of battleships and aircraft carriers which, under supreme American direction, has been striking hard at Japan's homeland.

Often he figures in entertainments arranged for the ship's company of *King George V*, which flies his flag. He has talked brilliantly on the Japanese people, whom he knows from three years as a naval attaché in Tokyo.

While raising many a laugh with shrewd, witty remarks about Japanese life, he rubs in the lesson that the Japs are formidable foes.

Lat. 10 Deg. N

TRINIDAD IS IN THE tropics. But need the food of the Royal Naval Air Service men stationed there be as bad as they allege in letters to JOHN BULL?

We won't sicken you by quoting extracts. We'll pass on the letters to the authorities for investigation.

P.A.Y.E. Chaos

PEOPLE WHO CRY "Speed the demob" may smile wryly on learning that priority is likely to be given for the release of income-tax officials!

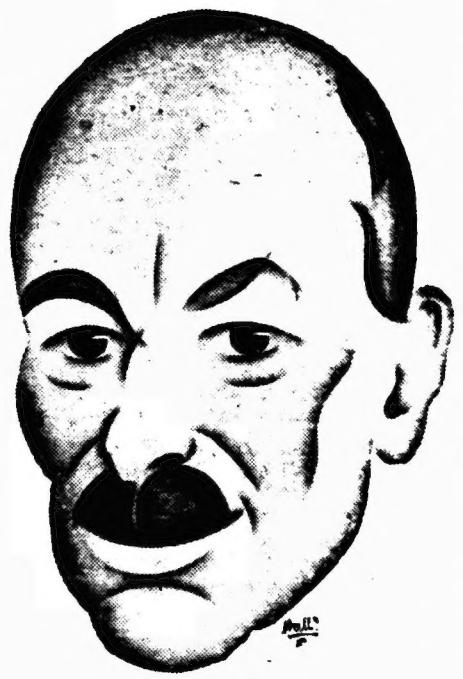
P.A.Y.E. is the reason. Men and women streaming back to civil life have to be coded or recoded; and the task is intensified as war time workers are transferred to peace time jobs.

Holiday Racket

MILLIONS OF WORKERS and their families are having their first real holiday since 1939, and millions are being exploited by profiteering hotel and boarding-house proprietors.

One family, charged six guineas a head per week at a South Coast resort, found the food so poor in quality and quantity that after each meal they went down the

HE LOOKS AHEAD



AS SEEN BY HALL

On this page a few weeks ago (JOHN BULL, June 2) we spoke of the "good omens for lucky Attlee." We suggested that he would be in 10, Downing Street after the Election. And we said that this was 1906 over again.

But we admit we didn't expect the parallel to be quite so close.

In 1906 the public chose a quiet little man in preference to the glamorous Joe Chamberlain. It launched a landslide to the Left that swept the Conservatives out of office. It won great reforms and high prosperity.

Now, forty years later, it has happened again.

Fortunately, Clement Attlee won't think much about 1906. He does not look back. He looks forward—as when he forecast the effects of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria and the Dictators' war in Spain.

He can look forward now to a great deal of hard work. Well, he's used to that. His friends say he likes difficulties. He can look forward to a long reign for his Party if it proves equal to its task.

The indications are that this country will remain Left for many, many years.

CINDER CAUSES DEATH

A hot cinder falling on to a settee caused a serious fire at South Shields in which Mrs. I. Talbot, of 6, Tadema Road, lost her life. As Mrs. Talbot was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £100 has been promptly sent under our Free Family Insurance.

In addition to Fire Insurance JOHN BULL offers many other valuable Household Benefits free to every reader.

OPEN LETTERS

General Jan Christiaan Smuts,

Prime Minister, Union of South Africa

DEAR GENERAL,—I believe that your latest speech is one of the greatest in modern history, ranking with Winston Churchill's "We will fight on the beaches," and Abraham Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

You emphasise that the San Francisco Charter, justifying the drastic punishment of war criminals, leaves no place for mercy towards those who violated the essential laws of humanity.

You insist that the future restraint of the German State, "which has been a repeated menace to world peace and a curse to its weaker neighbours," calls for statecraft that goes beyond the Charter's limits.

Then, with eloquence and nobility of phrase, you invoke what you describe as the higher laws of humanity:—

"But when it comes to ostracising the whole German people without discrimination between guilty and innocent, the voice of the Charter will give a clear verdict. It would be a libel on the Allies, who fought for fundamental human principles and enshrined them in the Charter, to expect them to behave in the Nazi way, to treat innocent people as outcasts, to deprive them of home and livelihood, to brand them with the curse."

I agree. I have shown in these columns, too, that mere economic necessity, as well as the ideals of the mind, forbid any attempt to turn Germany into an oppressed slum State and a burden on the rest of Europe.

Your grim final words of warning should be read and re-read: "The economic situation over much of Europe inspires the worst fears of industrial chaos and further large-scale set-backs. Humanity is everywhere at a low ebb; the flame just flickers fitfully while the storm is raging all round. The Allied statesmen will seek for strength, not in indiscriminate punitive measures, but in innate humanity and in constructive measures for reshaping the glory of Europe, not in destroying its corporate life and unity."

That was the real background to the Big Three's conference—how different from the stuff served up to the public about Potsdam's abundance of creature comforts and luxuries, the surfeit of rich foods and wines!—JOHN BULL.

Sir John Duncanson,

British Iron and Steel Confederation

DEAR SIR,—I am astonished and dismayed at your announcement of the British steel industry's five-year plan to increase capacity for output by 20 per cent.

Only 20 per cent.! It seems trifling when I recall that British industry as a whole increased its output by some 30 per cent. from 1939 to 1944, while American industry all but doubled its production in the same period. Even the *Financial News* comments that "at post-war prices the £25,000,000 a year the industry intends to spend is not a very significant increase—physically—on the approximately £10,000,000 of pre-war years."

After all, your aim is a nominal capacity of 15,000,000 tons with a yearly output of 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 tons, contrasted with the 18,000,000 to 20,000,000 tons deemed necessary by the workers' organisation, the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation.

Output alone will determine the future standard of life of the British people. Yet there is some doubt whether even your contemplated increase of 20 per cent. would all be available for home development or for genuine new export trade. For on the morning you announced your five-year plan many newspapers did not hesitate to attribute it to the anticipated drastic reduction in German steel output—the inference being that you are merely out to snatch former German markets.

One consequence will be to strengthen the public demand for the nationalisation of this basic industry, on which the economic well-being of Britain so largely depends.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Richard V. N. Hopkins,

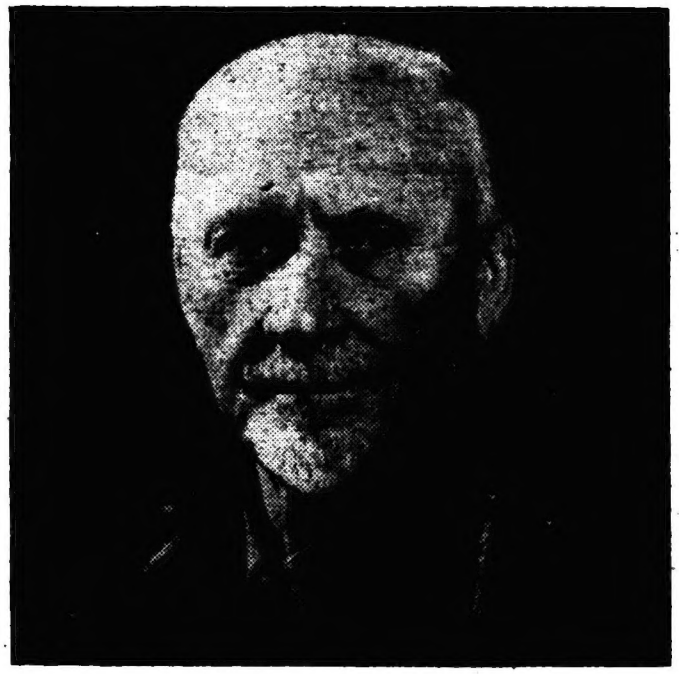
Permanent Secretary to the Treasury

DEAR SIR,—Some of your officials pay out public money so slowly that you'd think it was coming from their own pockets. I am surprised to hear, therefore, that a few men released from the Services since June have already received their war gratuities.

A few. But not all.

They should have been paid on the day they left the Forces. And thousands who were invalided out or discharged for other reasons are still waiting; they have been told they must not apply for payment until advised to do so by Whitehall.

Yet the whole object of a war gratuity is to enable a man or woman to get settled in civilian life. Will you not instruct your underlings that *all* gratuities should be paid on discharge?—JOHN BULL.



Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa

Smuts, a great man, makes a great speech

Mr. Edmund L. Hann,

Chairman, Powell Duffryn, Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—Your speech to the annual general meeting of your firm, reported to the extent of an entire column of *The Times*, contained not one solitary word of thanks to the employees for their work during the last twelve difficult months.

Yet Powell Duffryn certainly employ large numbers of coal-getters, including aged and ageing miners who, notwithstanding such wartime handicaps as the shortage of food, exerted themselves for the benefit of their country, if not of your shareholders.

Don't you think a word of appreciation from you would have been appropriate? A few words of praise cost nothing, as most company chairmen are well aware.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

A REAL MAN

SHORTLY AFTER THE ELECTION fireworks and animosities had died down, I was shown a letter written to one of the candidates by a bitter opponent of his policies and all he stood for. In the warmest and most sincere terms the writer thanked him for the "good-humoured and tolerant manner in which he had conducted his campaign."

"If I lost the seat," said the candidate, "I should almost think it worth while to have fought to have inspired a letter like that."

It would indeed: for a letter like that is the accolade of humanity, the sign of a true gentleman, a real man, a man who is going to get *on*, and get on *with*—not always the same things!

Good humour and tolerance—what a different place the world would be if more people understood the magic of those two all-too-rare qualities. In place of bitterness they arouse feelings of good will; in place of anger they call forth smiles and friendliness; in place of suspicion they engender a willingness at least to try to understand; in place of tension they produce relaxation and belief in others.

When you are sick of arguments that get you nowhere; when your nerves are tense and your spirits are low; then for Heaven's sake try to see the funny side of life. Try to laugh. Try to laugh, above all, at yourself. Look around you at all the silly little people who are trying so hard to take themselves so seriously, and who are trying to get you to take them so seriously—and have a good laugh at them. Laughter is as good as medicine—and much cheaper!

But don't let the smiles turn into sneers. If you can laugh at others, remember that others can laugh at you. The point is that we're all funny in our different ways. The sooner we realise that, the sooner we shall develop good humour and tolerance.

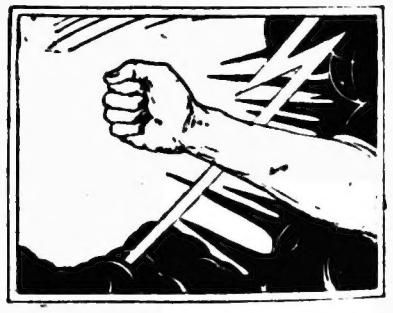
Argument

Industrial unrest is increasing, a 'strike wave' is predicted. But—

DO STRIKES REALLY PAY?

yes

1. Under Capitalism, Labour is a commodity like any other. Its value can only be enhanced by scarcity.
2. If it is right for an employer to dismiss a man, it is equally right, and equally necessary, that one man, or a thousand, shall on occasion "dismiss the employer."
3. Employers are always "striking." Every time they manufacture less than the market requires they are, in a sense, striking. When they refuse to sell save at a higher price, what is that but a strike?
4. For a man to leave his job is a desperately serious business, but human dignity demands continual protest against injustice, no matter what the cost.
5. Every successful strike increases the earnings of the workers, and also their solidarity and power, factors more important in the long run than cash gains.
6. The right of collective bargaining which five million workers now possess could never have been won without the strike weapon.
7. Strikes are bad, but in the world as we know it they are a natural part of the law of supply and demand. Without them the law would operate increasingly to the workers' disadvantage.



no

1. The pretence that Capital and Labour must wage constant war upon each other is dangerous nonsense. The captain and the stoker are both "in the same boat."
2. The successful strike leader points to increases in pay. He overlooks the weeks of dead loss, and that the strike may have lost the industry important markets.
3. Coal strikes, apparently successful at the time, have had disastrous long-term consequences for the workers.
4. If the aim of the workers is to possess more goods, how do they hope to achieve it by continually ceasing production?
5. The revolutionary element in trade unions cares nothing for the interests of the workers but uses them as pawns in constant efforts to cause the breakdown of Capitalism.
6. The trade union official who has painstakingly built up his union's funds knows that to risk them in a strike is a confession of failure.
7. Soldiers never strike—not because of fear, for who is there to shoot a soldier unless he himself does the shooting? Soldiers know it wouldn't pay. Workers are economic soldiers. Their strikes may be as disastrous to the nation, and thus to themselves, as a soldier's refusal of duty in battle.

URGENT: A 3-YEAR PLAN FOR HOLIDAYS

Millions of people will want to visit post-war Britain—and we want to encourage them. But before inviting these visitors from overseas we must improve holiday facilities for ourselves

A group of American Service men and women view London from a roof-top in Fleet Street. In days to come, our Allies will want to show Britain to their relatives and friends

WHEN RENIER, the famous Dutch historian, wrote a book entitled *The English—Are They Human?* many a foreigner with recollections of a holiday spent in Britain must have echoed the query.

For the sufferings of those who visit us are proverbial abroad. We are pictured as inhabiting a damp, wind-swept island, living in icy houses, consuming uneatable food. "If the Englishman's house is his castle, then the kitchen is his torture chamber."

When they have derided our climate, our dwellings and our nourishment, our friends from other lands shrug their shoulders in bewildered silence as they meditate on our laws. A dusty moorland, a hot Sunday, a friendly inn, ale that the gods might envy—but though it is lawful to drink it at 1.59 p.m., it is a serious crime to do so one minute after 2.

And since walks over English moors invariably take longer than you expect, for moorland contours look so near in clear, rain-breeding weather, it seems always an ale-forbidding hour when the friendly inn comes into view.

But that's not the strangest of our laws, by a long chalk.

Once at Victoria Station a Frenchman asked my help. He had tried to buy some fruit at the shop, but the girl wouldn't serve him. She kept asking to see his ticket.

No Ticket—No Fruit

He hadn't got a ticket, he explained, because he had just got off the train and had given it up. Was some special permit necessary to buy fruit in Britain?

I said that to purchase fruit at a late hour it was necessary to prove yourself a traveller. Going to the ticket machine, I put in a penny and a halfpenny to get a ticket to the nearest station, about a mile away, Battersea Park. Now, I told him, he was a traveller, and the girl would serve him—which she did.

He thanked me graciously, but was still troubled. You see, he had no wish to go to Battersea Park, it was near Hyde Park that his friends lived. On the other hand, he did not want to break the law after only a few hours on British soil. Supposing he omitted to visit Le Parcq à Battersea, would messieurs the police interfere?

I assured him they would not, but it was clear he did not altogether believe me. In a country where, to purchase an apple, you first bought a railway ticket, the normal laws of human conduct certainly did not apply, and a stranger must go warily.

Whether this strange practice still exists I do not know, but there is still a good deal of odd and prohibiting legislation to perplex the visitor from overseas, and while it may be the case that our national greatness is bound up with such stern edicts, I personally doubt it.

Limiting Our Pleasures

The Travel Association, a Government sponsored body, which has just appointed a £2,000-a-year man as its head, and plans by judicious publicity—films, books, lecturers, and offices in foreign capitals—to bring all the world to Britain, should first consider what all the world will think, when it gets here, of the tangle of grim Acts limiting our simple pleasures.

But first of all, I think, the Association should consider an even more pertinent question.

Do we, for the moment, want foreign guests?

This question is asked without the least shadow of unfriendliness—its answer is a simple matter of fact.

For five or six years we have been hosts to many millions. They came, some to seek our aid, others to aid us, and we welcomed them gladly. We owe them much gratitude and shall not forget our debt.

We Want a Rest First

But we, on this island, are like a small, rather crowded family whose spare room has been occupied for a long while by a succession of guests. Much as we like our visitors, we want a rest.

We would like nothing better than to become a world holiday centre, but first we ourselves want a holiday.

We want it badly—but what do we get?

Our seaside resorts struggle bravely to cope with the tide of weary humanity surging upon them, but everywhere holiday-makers are being shabbily treated and unmercifully fleeced. War damage, requisitioning, shortage of supplies are all partly responsible, but study the problem carefully and you will see beyond all these grave yet mainly surface problems a single fundamental fact.

Even if we could go back by some magical means to September, 1939, and find our land intact and the war never happened, we should still find our holiday facilities, in both scope and quality, far short of our minimum requirements.

Horrible overcrowding, unscrupulous fleecing, hideous inconvenience existed before the war. Our Bank Holiday crowds that struggled down to the sea's edge for a few baking or possibly rain-drenched hours paid heavily enough in patient endurance for the privilege.

Not much was done for them except relieve them of their money. National patience and good humour saw us through, but it's not without significance that our humorous artists have found the sufferings of the town-dweller on his trip to the seaside so rich and rare a source of inspiration.

Let's be frank about it—conditions on the holiday front were pretty bad.

Three-Year Holiday Plan

So for the next two or three years our holiday job is clear. We've got to find out the sort of holidays we want and see that we get them. Existing facilities must be better used, those that do not exist as yet must be provided.

The Travel Association expects to be spending some three or four million pounds a year eventually in wooing the world to visit Britain. Why not spend some money making it easier for the British to visit it?

As for our Allies from overseas, we want them all to come and welcome. We can do with the money they'll bring, but far more than their money we want their understanding and friendship.

But to ask them right away is a bad policy. There's no shipping to start with—and anyway our spare room's not ready.

Why not a Three-Year Holiday Plan for Britain, a thorough overhaul and systematic extension of all our hotels, boarding establishments, camps and "digs"; a clearing away of eyesores from our beauty spots; a cutting away of petty rules and restrictions, a throwing open of our hills and moors?

The best way to make our country fit for foreigners to take their holidays in is to make it fit for ourselves.

CLIFFORD TROKE.

HOLIDAY ORGANISER

WILLIAM BUTLIN, the South African born "Holiday Camp King," had some 8,000 people each week in his holiday camps in the six months before the war. He gives some practical opinions on the post-war tourist boom in an interview with Phyllis Lovell.

I AM not happy about the decisions being made by the wallahs of Whitehall on "selling Britain to the world" as a tourist centre. Cricket and huntin' won't draw the crowds. And it is crowds we must have.

I want to see the ordinary folk coming here in their tens of thousands. Per head they may not be so profitable as the rich, and any attempt to milk them must be suppressed at once, but a lot of people, each spending a reasonable amount, is the soundest type of business. More people get steady employment and there is more work for sister industries such as transport.

I am not suggesting that we should turn Britain into a vast holiday camp. Variety is needed. But from holiday camp methods can be learnt certain basic principles in giving large numbers the holiday they want.

NOW TO BUILD A BETTER B

Tinkering with re-building Britain will get us nowhere. Only a "total war" attitude to the problems will bring the urgent action necessary

By A. G. GARDINER

THE NEW GOVERNMENT will stand or fall by its handling of two supreme problems. One is external—the political reconstruction of the world. The other is domestic—the rebuilding of Britain.

The latter is the more immediately menacing. The war in Europe is over and the great armies which have given us the victory are coming back to take up the threads of life that were snapped six years ago.

They will want work and they will want homes. Work there will be in abundance, but what of the homes?

The wreckage of the war strews the land from the Thames to the Teme and from the Severn to the Tyne. Our cities are largely in ruins and the homes of the people have been destroyed by the hundred thousand.

Added to the positive destruction is the fact that for six years all building has ceased. The house famine was a grievous scandal before the war. Its dimensions to-day are a calamity.

And the men are coming home. And the winter, with its imperative demands for shelter, is drawing near. What is to be done?

There are two aspects of the rebuilding of Britain problem. The first is the immediate, if temporary, provision of accommodation to deal with the urgent needs.

It goes without saying that no one should remain houseless while there are empty houses available. It is intolerable, in the present emergency, that there should be the spectacle of inhabitable houses standing untenanted for months and even years.

It is this spectacle to which the action of the so-called Vigilantes has so dramatically called attention. That action is not to be defended, for organised illegality is the thin end of the wedge of Fascism.

But it is unfortunate that it should have needed this exercise of direct action to awaken the Ministry of Health to the full use of its powers. The drastic measures which the Ministry's circular now authorises local authorities to take should end the scandal of the empty house in the midst of a dishoused population. It should end, too the activities of the Vigilantes.

How substantially the measure of posting requisition warnings on empty houses affects the situation is illustrated by the case of Willesden. With a waiting list of 2,000 families, the local authority has now requisitioned 600 houses and is negotiating with the owners of a further 900.

Labour Release is Urgent

But it is not enough for the Ministry of Health to sweep away restrictions. No less urgent is the release of labour to recondition the available homes.

In the war the Ministry of Labour by the expedient of "priorities" could perform such miracles as that of Mulberry harbour. By the same expedient it should now throw all its energies into providing homes for the victims of the war.

The emergency is too great for piecemeal remedies. What is required is a central Ministry which will bring all the housing activities under one control.

By mobilising the resources and experience of the building trade we performed prodigies during the war in the construction of vast aerodromes and camps. And the lessons then learned in the concentration of power should be equally applicable to the rehousing of the people.

Through this large-scale handling of the problem, the mass production of prefabricated houses should assume a magnitude equal to the emergency. We have only tinkered with that solution so far. It has been discredited by its association with the temporary makeshift dwelling.

Fears of Prefabrication

But there is no reason why prefabrication should not, in this country as in America, be applied to the construction of efficient, artistic and permanent dwellings.

Only in this way can the huge deficiency be overtaken with the speed that is urgent, the economy that is necessary, and the avoidance of all the defects and complications incident to the temporary structure.

The trade union fears of prefabrication are baseless. It has not prevented wages in the building trade in America being two or three times higher than here while building costs are much the same as here.

Opposition to the application of machinery to the building trade is as unreasonable as the opposition to machinery in cotton and woollen mills once was and as opposition to coal-cutting machinery would be in the mines to-day.

All experience shows that labour saving devices lighten the burden of labour without diminishing the demand for it.

So much for the immediate aspect of the problem that confronts the new Government. But the housing of the people is linked up with the larger question of the rebuilding of Britain. That task has been thrust upon us on a scale undreamed of until the coming of the aeroplanes.

To-day Britain is pock-marked with ruined cities and towns, and, willy nilly, we have to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land."

It is, in one sense, a labour that is not unwelcome. We have many beautiful towns and villages in our land and those for the most part have escaped the desolating blast of war.

But the England that was the product of the Industrial Revolution; the England of Blake's "dark, Satanic mills," is not the England that we love. And it was this England that took the brunt of the tempest of destruction that has swept over our land.

It is this England, begotten in a time when the social conscience of the nation had not awakened, that we have to rebuild.

It is the business of the Government to see that we do not misuse this golden opportunity of wiping out the "darkest England" of the Industrial Revolution and building bravely in its place an England nearer the heart's desire.

So vast a work will occupy years in fulfilment, but the speed and efficiency with which it is accomplished will depend on the vision

SIZE OF THE PROBLEM

MORE than four million houses were damaged during the war. 203,720 were totally destroyed—and they had housed some 800,000 people.

Three out of every four London dwellings were hit; more than a million houses in Southern England were damaged by rockets and flying-bombs.

But, as A. G. G. points out, the problem is not merely the building and repair of houses.

Britain must be replanned.

The Barlow Commission, in 1940, recommended a Central Authority which would deal with the redevelopment of congested towns, the dispersal of industry, garden cities, trading estates, and so on.

The Government did nothing.

Shortly afterwards came the interim report of the Uthwatt Committee, which recommended official action by which land could be made available for housing and other development.

The Report was ignored.

The Committee published its final report in September, 1943. It rejected nationalisation of the land but recommended that the State should assume rights of development in all land outside built-up areas on payment of fair compensation.

The late Government continued to dither. So great cities and small towns alike are still complaining that they cannot obtain the land they require for urgent housing needs.

A new London is being planned h[ere]. plan for re-building occupied a sta[ff] av[er]years — but the City has its ow[n] p[lan]

RITAIN!

re. The London County Council
a averaging twenty for nearly two
w plan, which has been rejected

and driving power that the Government infuse into the undertaking at the outset.

Finance did not stand in the way of winning the war. Finance must not stand in the way of building a Britain that shall be "mightier yet."

National Salvation

This is a work of national salvation and it must have behind it all the resources of the nation. A bold land policy must be the keystone of the reconstruction of Britain and with this policy must go a *national* solution of the problem of compensation and betterment.

Only such a solution will enable the local authorities, whether in London or the provinces, to meet the losses due to the transfers of population and industry which are inevitable under a sound scheme of planning.

Many of the plans, notably those of the L.C.C., Manchester and Plymouth, have now taken shape. One of them, that of the City of London, has been rejected by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning on the ground of its timidity.

This is a deserved rebuke. For the planning of the new London should strike the keynote of the planning of the new Britain. And the reconstruction of the square mile of the City, around its historic features, St. Paul's, the Tower, the Guildhall, is the core of the London problem.

In insisting that it should be on a scale worthy of the world's capital city, the Ministry acted with boldness and wisdom.

The new Government will be judged by the job it makes of the new Britain.

The Boss Takes His Coat Off

ALBERT NEVINSON, a 25-year old fitter in a small engineering factory near Coventry says abolish "Staff" and "Works" distinctions

I WAS IN A VAST, Government-built, aircraft engine factory recently, supervising the repair of a specialised machine. To complete the repair I needed two small parts—a special nut and shaft. I asked the foreman if he could make them for me. He looked doubtful and directed me to a higher-up, and he to another. I ascended the managerial ladder but failed to get the parts I desired.

The factory could deal with the intricacies of an aero engine, but it really couldn't be bothered with anything else, however small.

A few weeks later I was in a small works engaged on a similar repair.

Again I needed a small shaft to finish the job. The foreman, who was watching me, said: "Do you want one of those?" "Yes," I said, "if you can manage it." A quick pencilled sketch and away he went.

An hour later he appeared with the finished piece in his hand.

Small Firm Advantages

In one case, specialised mass production. In the other, adaptability and ability to cope with unexpected situations.

What, then, are the advantages of the small firm?

There is the healthy relationship between the management and the employees. The boss is a real figure, accessible to all, and not just a name that appears on the annual balance-sheet in the newspapers. He is felt to be "one of us."

I saw this spirit at its best the other day. It was in a small firm of plastic goods manufacturers who had been engaged during the war in making intricate fusing gear. Suddenly they had received an urgent order for . . . haircombs.

Triumphant

They all seemed triumphant, if a little weary; not least the boss, who was in his shirtsleeves. They told me, with pride, that production had started within a week of receiving the order, and was in full swing within a fortnight. This may sound a small achievement, but you try to make a comb!

A large firm would have produced those combs, doubtless at a smaller cost. But how soon? They were wanted in a hurry, and the initiative and team spirit of this small firm delivered the goods.

The small works usually contains a high proportion of general purpose machines. The young non-apprenticed worker sees the fundamentals of engineering and not just its most modern development.

One of the kids in our works during the last year has tried his hand on a driller, a lathe, a grinding machine, and has helped them out in the assembly shop. All this apart from getting the men's teas and being sent on fool's errands for spirit-level bubbles!

In a nutshell, the small factory produces engineers. Good all-round men, who can rise to any emergency.

And what are the advantages of

A skilled craftsman from the jewellery trade can, by his long, all-round experience, turn his hand to precision work in munition making

the large firm? We all know that modern demand is for cheap articles in bulk.

Specialised single purpose machine tools are the key to mass production and are quite beyond the means of the small firm.

The worker, too, has many benefits in the large, airy, modern factory. Excellent working conditions, good pay, sports ground and so on.

"Lovely Canteen"

I asked a girl friend of ours what sort of job she was doing in one of the local shadow factories. "I don't understand the job at all," she said, "but there's a lovely canteen!"

We all know that the modern trend in industry is towards size.

Can we transplant to large-scale industry the benefits of its smaller brother?

All large factories have "tool rooms" and experimental departments. It is from these that special work emerges and dreams take shape. Why shouldn't this sort of shop be run on small-firm lines?

There could be a pooling of ideas which would benefit everybody. And the "gaffers" might walk round in the mornings with a look of pleasure on their faces. And maybe they would even remove their coats occasionally to demonstrate a point.

For it is this feeling of "industrial democracy" that must be preserved. Our shop steward was telling me "If I've got a grouse I can get hold of the boss and tell him where he gets off: he usually will. And he does the same with me. I don't think people realise how much we do work together. But if you've got a 'beef' in a large place, it's as difficult to get the thing discussed as it is getting money out of the income-tax office." And, of course, the same thing applies to suggestions.

To replace the training that youngsters got in small places, fully equipped training departments should be started in big firms.

What, you ask, would the trades union think about this idea of a "firm within a firm"? Judging by the ready response that they made to the Joint Production Committees they would be all for it.

These committees were devised to pool ideas and experience. They transferred some of the hitherto sacrosanct "functions of management" to the workers. They produced, however slightly, the small-firm atmosphere in the large works.

"In our works, since they started a production committee, they've begun calling us employees and not 'hands.'" This remark was made to me with a grin, but there is a good deal in it. A change in attitude is something gained.

The idea of works committees is essentially democratic. Wherever they have been given a chance to run properly they have been a success. They have proved that the ordinary chaps in a factory are as full of ideas as the "management."

Ability is the Test

They have shown how silly are the long-established customs of "staff" and "works." The barrier between those with clean hands and those with dirty cannot stand up long to any real test. And that test is the ability to do the job.

I was in a very large factory not long ago. "We've got three canteens here. The Senior Staff—for those with starched collars. The Staff—for those with ordinary collars. The the Works—for those with no collars at all."

This blind attitude of snobbery is futile and inefficient. You rarely find it in a small shop. And there is no reason why it should exist in the large.

The basis of all engineering is skill. And the key to high production is interest and enthusiasm. The skill will come from properly run training schemes. How about the enthusiasm?

I put the question to a shop steward recently, a man in his fifties who has done a lot of production committee work. I asked him how the large factory could hold the operatives' interest and give him (or her) a sense of purpose—apart from the pay packet.

"Look at them," he said. "Like a lot of blasted ants, turning handles because a bloke in a white coat tells them to. They haven't the slightest idea what they're doing.

Promotion For All

"People have got to manage their own lives. While you have a managing class wholly separate from nine-tenths of the workers, of course they'll be browned off. Promotion, right to the top, has got to be available to everybody with ability.

"And let those who don't get to the top share in the decisions which play such a big part in their lives. If you multiply production committees a hundredfold you'll get some idea of what I mean.

"The ordinary chap is as keen to solve these problems as all your Parliamentary Committees. If you gave him a chance you'd see he was a good deal more capable."

The sharing of problems by *all* the works. Well-trained staffs (that includes *everybody*). Maybe those are the two most important ingredients for a full-time "Mulberry Spirit."

Ernest Thurtle, re-elected Labour M.P. for Shoreditch, London, by a 7,500 majority, has written a breezy, provocative autobiography, here summed up by JACK CULMER

He Doesn't Like Bevan and Shinwell

ERNEST THURTLE was born in Port Jervis, a village in New York State, where his father, a Norfolk man, was following "his specialised calling of a trainer of sporting dogs, pointers, setters and spaniels."

That was sixty years ago, and Thurtle can now look back on a life which has given him not only an extraordinary variety of experience in widely differing occupations but a host of opportunities for absorbing activity.

He tells his story in *Time's Winged Chariot* (Chaterson, 10s. 6d.), a book of "memories and comments" on his entertaining journey.

Early Convert to Labour

A many-sided man with a taste for poetry and politics, a gift of ironic oratory, and a love of life that is refreshingly different from the dry-as-dust dullness too often associated with a practical politician, he has never fitted neatly into any pigeon-hole of orthodoxy.

A Conservative by heredity, he was an early convert to the ideals and ideas of Labour. What he calls "a young man's dissatisfaction with his lot" crystallised into determination to join the Labour Party (then the I.L.P.) after the visit to his village of a "Clarion" van with its pithy pamphlets and persuasive speakers.

Thurtle also abandoned his membership of the Church of England when still in his teens because his reading had convinced him that he could not honestly be anything but an agnostic. Unlike a great many men who reject religion in their youth, Thurtle is still an unbeliever, which is pretty plain evidence of the persistent honesty of purpose which has served him as a kind of sheet-anchor all through his life.

Only once did he deny his irreligion—in the Army, when he signed himself "C. of E." to avoid wearisome fatigues.

Self-Educated

Brought to England when he was two, Thurtle spent the next four years in the tiny village of Alfrick, in Worcestershire, where his family settled on their return from the United States. When his father died his mother moved to Monmouthshire, and there, in a poverty-stricken village named Sebastopol, she made a brief, unsuccessful attempt to run a small general stores to support her five children. The shop failed, and Mrs. Thurtle contrived to bring up her family "by sheer hard work of one kind and another, including much needlework."

Inevitably Thurtle had to educate himself. By a systematic reading of the classics he built up a reliable superstructure on the meagre foundations of elementary schooling. Starting work as a newsboy, he moved on to a dishearteningly monotonous blind-alley job in a galvanising works, where eventually he was promoted to a semi-clerical post in the weighing-machine office.

Failing to pass the Civil Service examination which would have brought him a safe, modest clerkship, Thurtle made the naïvely optimistic mistake of buying, for £50, a junior partnership with "an elderly man in Sheffield who was running a small mixed shop which was half chemist, half herbalist." Only a few months were needed to convince

Ernest Thurtle began as a newsboy, has been a Member of Parliament for eighteen years, and has been for four years the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information

him that the arrangement would not work, and strangely enough his partner let him have some of his money back.

With this he set out for London. This early chastening experience seems to have done little to make Thurtle wary in business affairs, for after the war he was severely fleeced: a "partner" cheated him of his £500 nest-egg in a matter of a few days.

A variety of jobs followed: temporary work for the Westminster City Council, a job in an estate agent's office in the City, and an appointment "as a sort of secretary to one of the managers" of Moss Empires, Ltd., owners of a string of music-halls and theatres, a post as English correspondent in an office at Charleroi, in Belgium, and finally more remunerative work as an accountant and salesman.

"Consorting with Anarchists"

A spell of work in America was brought to a close by an unscrupulous colleague who persuaded his London office that Thurtle's consorting with adventurous anarchists in the States was "bad for business."

Thurtle's life has been a modest "success story," a clear demonstration of what a man of natural ability can achieve by hard work, and determination to develop his talents to their fullest capacity.

Because Thurtle writes with obvious honesty of feeling, in contrast with the false modesty which too many autobiographies adopt, he has produced a thoroughly agreeable book.

Although he is somewhat doubtful of the truth of Leslie Stephen's declaration that "nobody ever wrote a dull autobiography," he agrees that "it is true that the faithful narrative of the most obscure of lives by the one who has lived that life is not without some interest to others, if such there be who are stout-hearted enough to read it."

Zest for life, unabated after years of hard work, lights up every page he writes. The bare facts that he has spent eighteen years in the House of Commons, that for four years he served as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information in the last Government, P.P.S. to the Minister of Pensions in the 1924 Labour Government and a Junior Lord of the Treasury in 1930 and 1931 seem unimportant items in his cheery, breezy record.

Indeed, it is remarkable how little politics as such enters into his narrative. This is probably a good thing, since his political judgments are either platitudinous or made when "benevolent judgment" has given place, now and again, to something akin to malice.

Praise and Criticism

He reserves his praise mainly for Churchill, Bevin, Morrison, Bracken and Hore-Belisha, with an odd little puff for Baldwin. He is surprisingly uncritical of MacDonald, Snowden and J. H. Thomas. Lion-hearted George Lansbury, whose daughter Thurtle married, gets an unexpectedly impersonal appraisal.

British Communists and the more Left-wing sections of the Labour Party are the main targets for Thurtle's criticism.

Of Aneurin Bevan he writes: "Only Bevan himself knows to what extent his attacks upon Mr. Churchill were inspired on the one hand by honest conviction, and on the other by a deliberate cult of an easy and dubious method of acquiring notoriety. For myself, I confess that I find it difficult to believe that his attacks had their origin in an honest conviction of Churchillian shortcomings and dangers. They were, for the most part, so charged with spleen and malevolence as to lack any real objective quality."

"Only One in Step"

Emanuel Shinwell comes in for a trouncing, with more than a slight suggestion that he is liable to change the colour of his political coat: "For Emanuel has certainly a good conceit of himself. . . . Sometimes he is apt to create the impression that he is trying to prove that of the whole Labour battalion he is the only one in step. . . .

"I am assuming that he will not, in the meantime, indulge in any pronounced deviation either to the Right or the Left. Perhaps that is a somewhat rash assumption, for Shinwell is no ordinary Party man, and there is no doubt that he thinks for himself. . . .

"There are those who liken him, in his present mood, to a film star, supremely conscious of his own versatility and hesitating between the rôle of the revolutionary Jack Cade and that of the imperialist Benjamin Disraeli. Emanuel is subtle and shrewd, and I would not care to prophesy what part he will play. But I do know that it would be easy money to bet that he will not be content to spend any considerable time in the wings waiting for a call."

Thurtle's writing is neither distinguished nor memorable, but despite many a hackneyed phrase, he has managed to tell his story in plain, straightforward language which is always readable. Unless a man is a professional writer has a reader any right to ask for more?

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Made-to-Measure Jobs

PROFESSOR WEED, the eminent scientist who was awarded the N.B.G. for his invention of a time-bomb which fooled even the experts by exploding ten minutes before time, has been working hard lately devising tests for demobilised Servicemen. These tests are what psychologists call "Vocational Tests" and are alleged by some to show what job in civvy life a man is best fitted for.

The Professor's first test question is, "Would you rather (a) be demobbed, or (b) stay in the Forces?" Those answering Yes to (a) are classed as having ambition and liking to fight against fearful odds. Those voting for (b) are said to be prudent and used to planning ahead, because they have worked out that, with income tax, shortages, clothing restrictions, no houses, low food and high prices, they are better off where they are

ANOTHER TEST asks, "Which of the following phrases do you like best? (a) Whereas the undersigned. (b) 'Ullo, what's all this? (c) How are we today? (d) Few people realise. (e) I promise." According to which phrase a man prefers, he is most suited for the following jobs: (a) Lawyer. (b) Policeman. (c) Doctor. (d) Journalist. (e) Politician.

Some of the tests contain ingenious catches to show a man's unconscious way of thinking. It takes a great psychologist like Professor Weed to think of the test question: "What is one-third of a pound?" Any man who answers "Six-and-eightpence" is obviously cut out to be a lawyer. On the other hand, a man who replies, "Five and a third ounces" is advised to become an inspector of weights and measures.

Another interesting test asks: "You are sitting next to a complete stranger in a railway carriage. What questions would you ask him?"

In this test, Servicemen who would make good Civil Servants think of well over a hundred questions. Detectives come next with about twenty questions. Those destined to go into the City and become company promoters, investment advisers, and so on, can usually only think of one question, "How much money have you got?"

ONE TEST is reserved specially for sergeant-majors. They are given a group of raw recruits to drill, no holds barred. An observer listens, and the candidates with the loudest voices and the rudest insults are advised to become greengrocers.

The Professor also applies what he calls Reversal Tests. Thus, a man is made to climb up the inside of a factory chimney. If he finds this difficult, he is advised to work down a mine. A man who dislikes standing up, says the Professor, should become a mattress tester. A man who hates water should become a dry cleaner. On the other hand, a man who likes water should become a brewer.

Another test consists of a board with holes in it into which different sized pegs have to be fitted. A man who keeps trying to fit square pegs into round holes is suited to work in an Employment Exchange.

The professor recently tried the whole series of tests on himself. The results showed that he is best suited to be a waiter in a serve-yourself cafeteria.

Free Speech

GET RID OF SERVICE CHARITIES

Waiting for a bite. Milk bottles tell a story. Food for the B.L.A. Best wishes from Employment Exchange. Poor diet in hospital. Aliens who were in the Army

NOW THAT YOU HAVE shown up the dishonesty that goes on in the name of charity (JOHN BULL, July 21 and 28), may I plead that the whole rickety system be swept away? Service charities in particular should have no place in post-war Britain. The well-being of men and women disabled in war is no job for semi-private bodies. The State must be responsible. Our soldiers fought for the country as a whole, and they deserve the care of the Government. Now is the time when the change should be made.

I work for one of the leading Service charities and can vouch for the good that is being done. But means are short and assistance is necessarily limited. Often it has fallen to me to tell a desperately poor ex-Serviceman that he'll have to fend for himself in future. It has been heartbreaking.—T. P., Chiswick, W.

ORATORY paid the debt so high
We owe to those who ride the sky,
They would be rich beyond desires
Of men who stoke financial fires.

We owe so much to "the few," we say,
Who saved the world one glorious day;
The few" who became a mighty throng,
The best of our youth, the brave, the strong.

If you should die, a reward we'll give
For all the to-morrows you'll never live:
Your lucky dependants, when heavily dunned,
May always approach the Benevolent Fund!

I. T., Aldershot, Hants.

I AM AT THE END of my tether. After five years in the Army, I am a sick man but unpensionable, they say. For the last six months only 18s. a week has been coming into the house for me, my wife and our little boy. I have waited 4 months to go before a Pensions Tribunal and have been greatly helped in the meantime by the British Legion. But they tell me the help cannot go on indefinitely—only another six weeks or so. I just cannot see what is going to happen then.—R. J. YAXLEY, 330, Gosling Way, Brixton, S.W.9.

Working It Off

AS AN OLD DRAPER I am astonished at the discourtesy of present-day shop assistants. My old boss was such a stickler for the soft answer that he fixed

"Deaden sounds of rage"

up a "swearing room" as a lesson to his assistants. Flannelette and unbleached calico were stored there, which, he said, would deaden sounds of rage. When an assistant felt himself getting angry he was supposed to go to the "swearing room" to work off his annoyance, and then return smiling. —R. ELSWORTH, Gays Hill, Bath.

Something Fishy

MY HUSBAND would revolt at the prospect of standing five minutes in a fish queue. Yet he will cheerfully sit fishing for hours in all kinds of weather and then return home with nothing to show for his effort.—MRS. H. P., Brindley Ford, Stoke-on-Trent.

The Milky Way

I MADE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CALL along a road just after the milk roundsman had left the appropriate amount at each house. The houses had eight to ten rooms, big enough to accommodate a couple of families, but all the milkman had to leave outside a great number of them was one half-pint bottle. Those little bottles spoke volumes about the housing shortage.—H. J. HAYNES, 43, Lowther Road, Bournemouth.

Fighting Fare

I HAVE ONLY JUST READ the letter from the wife of a Guardsman who worried because she thought her husband was going hungry on the Continent (JOHN BULL, July 14). I do not think she need worry.

I left Germany a week ago and have been telling my wife how much better off for food the soldier is than the civilian. B.L.A. daily rations included 12 oz. of bread, 8 oz. of boneless meat and 2 oz. of bacon or 4 oz. of sausage, as well as jam, cheese, cooking fat and dried foods.

Any civilian would gladly change. —SERGT. F. G. CARTER, ex-B.L.A., 4, Yeo Vale Road, Barnstaple, Devon.

3s. 9d. a Mile

MY SOLDIER PAL hired a taxi from Sherborne to his camp at Haydon, a distance of under four miles. The charge was 15s.

Surely 3s. 9d. a mile makes Dorset the highest priced taxi area in Britain. —A. C., Sherborne.

For the Love of Mike

HOW SOME OF THESE glamorous stars of stage, screen and radio keep their position is a tribute to the long suffering public rather than to their own

"Weak and tinny"

efforts. Recently I was seated five rows from the stage at a show.

The microphone was not working and the voices of most of the performers sounded weak and tinny. I have heard much better at factory concerts where the singers have been workers in overalls.—J. SMITH, 3, Lyden Avenue, Leyland, Lancs.

Exchange Politeness

WHEN I FIRST CAME to England from the Isle of Man four months ago, countless friends warned me of the terrible time I was sure to have at the Employment Exchange. I went in with fear and trembling, but, to my astonishment, four different officials were all charming to me.

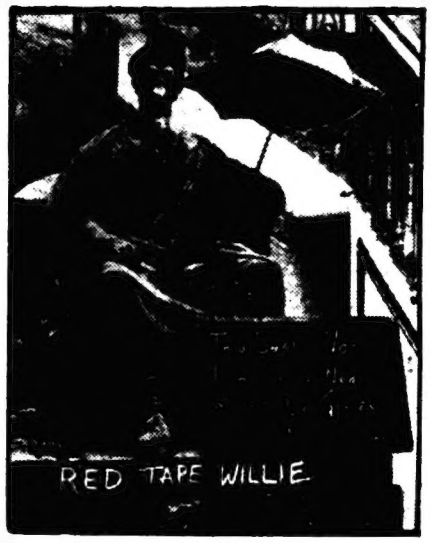
Last week I had to go again as I shall be changing my job. The same sort of thing happened. One official said: "I hope you will get on all right, but if you want any help any time, you know where to come. Good luck." Have I been exceptionally fortunate?—MISS JOYCE CORBETT, Selborne Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man.

New Career for a Statue

I ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD that statues were supposed to add the last touch of dignity to careers pretty well full of dignity already. But the other day, in the bomb-damaged remains of the National Debt House in Old Jewry, London, I came on a fine example of dignity—and impudence.

I don't know whom the statue represented originally, but now someone has decorated it with a peaked cap, a cotton-wool moustache, a red nose (done with lipstick, I suspect) and a battered umbrella. The final touch is the commemorative lettering on the base, "Red Tape Willie."

Most statues are erected after a person's death—unfortunately "Red Tape Willie" is still only too much alive.—W. S., Stockwell, S.W.9.



"Still only too much alive"

A Broken Promise

MY SON, A FLYING OFFICER in Bomber Command, who has been missing since May, 1944, left behind a revolver among his effects. The Ministry of Supply offered £5 for the revolver, the money to be credited to my son's estate. I wrote to accept, waited ten weeks, and then had the reply that owing to changed conditions in Europe, the Ministry had cancelled their offer. Even a street-corner bookmaker honours his transactions in a more straightforward manner.—H. WILSON, 54, Kelmscott Road, Harborne, Birmingham 17.

On Sick Diet

I AM ONE OF MANY wounded soldiers in this civilian hospital (name enclosed). The food has been awful. Instead of getting our Army rations we get the civilian allowance, and that is badly cooked.

The limit was reached the other day when the ward orderly came in to ask if we had anything to be cooked for breakfast. I had nothing, so I was offered the choice of bread and butter or bread and jam.—TROOPER R. H., in a Midlands hospital.

Thanks to a Soldier

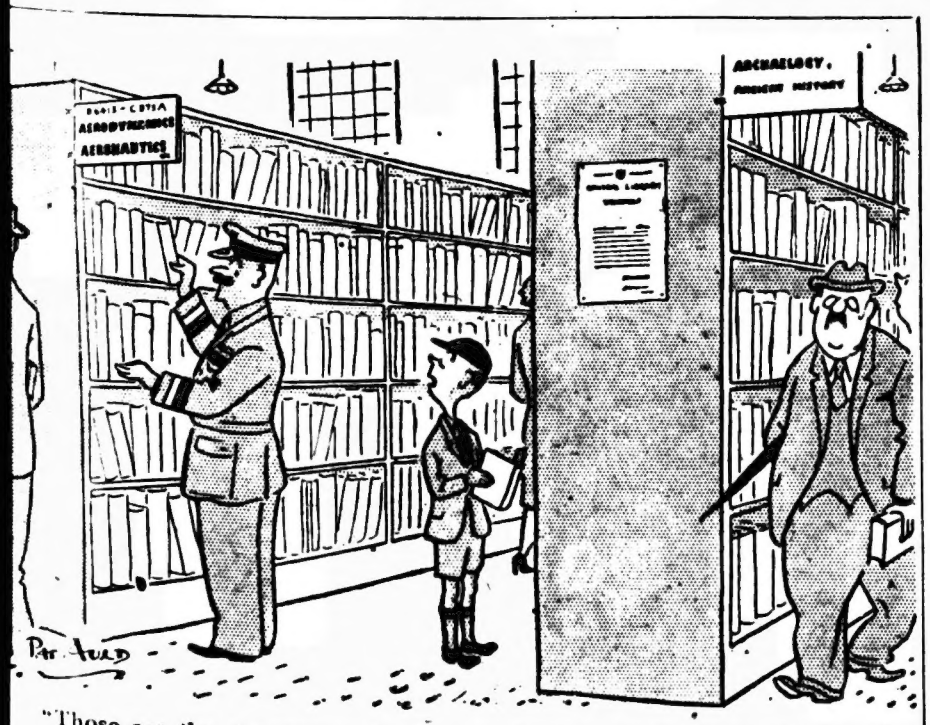
I HAVE BEEN RELEASED from the Forces after five and a half years' service. Yet I have to go to the police to register as an enemy alien. This is what happens to refugees although we have proved our loyalty in the Army. I am one of them. Please withhold my address.—SERGT. F., Edinburgh.

Essential Work

CONTROL OF LABOUR is a wonderful thing—for some. In the office where I work I am twenty years younger than anyone else. One colleague is away sick for months, the typist looks in when she thinks she will, and the rest manage to pare down their working hours to the minimum.

The result is that I have to work at full pressure the whole time with no extra pay and no particular thanks. Normally I would not stick it another week but, because of my age, it is illegal for me to move to another job. My employer knows it. So do my fellow-workers.—MISS W. L., Gloucester.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.



"Those are the elementary books—is there anything I can tell you?"

JOHN BULL Short Story

IMPULSE

by ERIC ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

Love, suspicion, torturing uncertainty—then, suddenly, proof. What is a man to think when a woman lies to him and chance reveals the lie? Yet chance, when it has played one trick, may play another

"JUST impulse," he said, as she faced him in the doorway—surprised or apprehensive, it was hard to say. "Everything's fine. I just came down on impulse."

It had not been impulse. There is no such thing as impulse. There is only the concrete and sudden action which arises from hidden thought processes. All day they had been hiding, in some dark hole of the mind.

First the stunning shock, the sick emptiness in the stomach.

The headlines in the early editions of the evening paper. The 10.17 from Paddington had been derailed. A hundred injured, many dead.

On the telephone to Margaret's mother. The dreadful minutes of waiting for the call to come through. The casual, leisurely voice of the operator.

"Hurry, girl," he had wanted to say. "Hurry . . . hurry. It is a matter of life and death."

And then Margaret's mother. No, Margaret was not there. Should she have been? There had been no letter to say that she was coming. But there, wasn't that just like Margaret? She always acted on the spur of the moment, didn't she? No doubt she had missed the train—that would be just like Margaret, too. She would be along later, no doubt. Had he wanted to speak to her about anything in particular? Was there any message that she could give when Margaret did arrive?

No. No, there was no message. He had just rung up . . . for no special reason. Nothing important.

He did not tell her that Margaret had left the house to catch the 10.17 from Paddington. He did not tell her because Margaret *might* have missed the train. That *would* have been just like Margaret. No need to worry the decent old person, perhaps for no reason.

Perhaps for no reason. Probably for no reason.

For it wasn't possible. It couldn't be. Not *Margaret*. Fatal accidents were things that you read about in the newspapers. They never came close. They didn't touch *you*.

He rang up the railway. Yes, they had a list of known casualties, but there were many bodies still unidentified. Margaret's name was not on the list. She was definitely not among the injured. Not among the *injured*.

He did not go down to the branch line station where the unidentified bodies were.

He wanted to know. He wanted to be sure, one way or the other. And yet he did not want to be sure. Not yet. The uncertainty was terrible, but the certainty unfaceable. So not yet.

For perhaps she *had* missed the train. You never could tell with Margaret. How absurd to go rushing off to the branch line, to go through the dreadful business of trying to identify the unidentifiable, when all the time Margaret might by now be picking plums in her mother's orchard. He would wait until the evening, he decided. If she arrived by a later train Margaret's mother would tell her that he had telephoned and she would ring up to find out why.

But she did not ring up.

Then he knew. Had she been alive, had she missed the 10.17 and travelled down by a later train, she would have telephoned. But she had not telephoned.

Too late now to make that awful expedition. Nothing for it but a night of misery and then facing the hours of to-morrow.

HE WAS STILL IN BED that next morning, clinging to sleep, refusing to face the day, when the telephone rang.

It was Margaret.

"Hullo, old dear. You called me up yesterday, mother tells me. What was it? Anything special? Didn't have a chance to ring you last night."

No, she hadn't missed the train. She had run into an old friend at the other end and had had lunch with her before going on to mother's. You couldn't land on people for lunch these days without warning. She had arrived at her mother's just after he had rung off. Why had he telephoned? Anything wrong?

No, nothing wrong. Everything was fine. He had simply wanted to talk to her. Yes, that was all. Well . . . enjoy yourself. Good-bye.

He said nothing to her about the 10.17 from Paddington. Plainly she had not yet seen the newspaper.

So she had caught the train, had she?

Why—why was she lying to him? She could not have arrived by the 10.17. So why did she say that she had caught the train?

First there had been breath-taking, head-swimming relief at the sound of her voice. Then sudden and overpowering fury. She had caused him all that pain, the agony of uncertainty. Why? For what reason?

After fury had abated, its heat cooled down to icy suspicion.

If she had missed the train by accident she would have said so. She would have laughed merrily. "Isn't that just like me?" she would have said. "I've never yet managed to catch a train." So she had not missed it by accident, but deliberately. Why had she missed it deliberately? And why hadn't she telephoned yesterday? Where had she been? What had she been doing all that time that she was not at her mother's?

It was not the first time that he had asked himself questions about Margaret's activities. Several times he could have suspected, had he let himself do so. But always he had hurried his suspicions quickly out of mind. He had refused to believe that Margaret could be two-faced. But now he had to believe it.

Go away. Get away from here. Impulse? No. Behind the thought, spurring him, were those hitherto unasked questions which now answered themselves with a clamour and shout like children rushing out of school.

He could not face her. He simply could not face her. He did not wish to listen to her lies. He did not want her to try to explain. It was finished. Over. The thing had died while she was talking to him on the telephone. It had died; and he was not going to stay for the wake.

He packed a bag. He telephoned to his bank. He did not leave any conventional note for Margaret. She would understand. She would know why he had gone.

HE DID NOT KNOW the name of the hotel, where it was or what he was doing there; but he must have booked a room, for the key with its numbered tab was in his hand and there on the floor was his suitcase.

He was hungry. He tried to remember when he had last taken food, but it was like trying to recall some episode of childhood. His mind groped back and back. Finally it reached a point where Margaret and he were at breakfast together. He saw himself looking at the clock and saying:

"Don't want to hurry you, dear, but you'll have to look alive if you want to catch that 10.17."

He had hurried her out of the house. But for him she would have missed the train and . . .

They had a list of known casualties, but there were many bodies yet unidentified. Margaret's name was not on the list

But no: he was getting muddled. Margaret had not caught the 10.17.

In the morning he peered at his unshaven face in the glass and told himself that this had got to stop.

"Pull yourself together, man. Put her out of your mind."

It was five minutes past ten by the clock in the hall of the hotel. He went out. He did not know where he was going. He walked, and then stopped when he came to the cab rank in the square round the corner.

"Can you get me to Paddington by 10.17? I've a train to catch."

"Do my best, sir," the driver said. But they were held up by the traffic at Piccadilly and again at Marble Arch.

The taxi-driver slid back the glass panel behind his head. "Never make it now, sir, I'm afraid. Where was it you was travelling to?"

He told him.

"Then you're okay," the man said. "You can get the 10.56 from Waterloo. It's another way of going. I know. I've got folks living down that part of the world. Change on to the express at Plymouth."

"Funny thing," the taxi-driver said as he rummaged through his pockets for change. "No one seems to know about the 10.56, sir. I picked up a fare the other morning. Wanted the 10.17 too, but I passed on the tip about the other route. Lucky I did, too. It was the day of the accident."

"WHY, darling!" Margaret said when he walked through the door of her mother's house. "How delightful! But . . . is anything wrong?"

"No. Oh, no! Everything's fine. I just came down on impulse."

SEASIDE PROPERTY RACKET

Housing speculators are invading the holiday areas and making thousands by inflating prices. Their profit-grabbing conspiracies are revealed in this article after a tour by WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator

FINANCIAL sharks, astute enough to foresee months ago how they could cash in easily on the post-war holiday boom, are busy buying up property in seaside towns, and in popular country resorts. So widespread have been their operations that they have created a new and dangerous Black Market.

In some parts of the South Coast, small hotels and boarding-houses that were closed during the war years have recently changed hands at two and three times their pre-war value.

One wealthy group of speculators, whose number includes several men who before the war were mainly interested in dishonest racing schemes and lotteries, has made close on £100,000 in property deals since September last.

They are assisted by unscrupulous estate agents who supply them with addresses and negotiate the deals.

Sales to the Bombed-out

In famous resorts like Brighton, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, Torquay and Paignton, ridiculously inflated prices have recently been obtained for houses or small hotels. The sales have frequently been to bombed-out people who in pre-war days made their living from catering for holiday-makers. They are forced to pay the prices asked or to seek some other means of livelihood.

Here are a few instances which have come to light. A house on the South Coast cost £750 before the war. It was sold a few months ago for £1,450. Another house, worth £1,100, changed hands recently for £2,800.

In one well-known coast resort a house some distance from the sea was built for £880. The owner evacuated it during the war and was pleased to sell it some time ago at £950. The speculators who bought it pocketed a nice profit. When they sold it, it made £1,800.

A bungalow, with a pre-war value of £620, recently fetched £1,875. The speculators who negotiated its buying and selling made over £1,000 in a period of nine days.

Few people have any idea of the extent of this outrageous racket. Yet it is one which affects not only homeless people, but also those hoping to make a living.

A young couple, anxious to open a small guest-house in the country, recently went to look over a suitable place in a coast town.

The agent acting for the speculators asked £1,500 for the property, although it was built only a year or two before the war at a total cost of £750. He refused to consider any reduction in price, so they finally said they would like a day or two to think things over.

Returned Too Late

They consulted experts, who told them that the price was preposterous, but, suitable properties being so scarce, they had better take it. They went back to the estate agent—to find that in the meantime the house had been sold for £1,860.

The buyer of properties is not the only one to suffer. Many mean tricks have been played on the owners of properties in order to induce them to sell.

One of these is known as the "Costs of Repair Trick."

The way it works is this. The speculators tell owners of damaged property that if they sell they will still be entitled to "costs of repair" compensation from the Treasury.

"Sell to us," say the sharks, "and we'll see to the repairs ourselves. But, as you were the rightful owner at the time the damage was done, compensation will go to you."

This is, of course, untrue.

One man bought a house in 1936 for £800. It suffered bomb damage and he had to leave it. Recently, speculators urged him to sell for £500, telling him that he would soon be receiving at least £400 as compensation for damage. He sold, and the house was repaired as if by magic. It has now been resold for £1,340. The original owner will not, of course, get the promised compensation.

Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve, Chairman of the War Damage Commission, has received many complaints about this sharp practice. More than once he has stated that property owners should always consult a good conveyancing solicitor before selling.

I now add the warning that all people who are anxious to buy a seaside or country property should do the same.

While cases of the types outlined above are common, a Black Market in larger and more expensive properties at popular seaside resorts is growing steadily.

In addition to South Coast towns, speculators have been busy in Somerset, Devon, Suffolk, Essex, Lincolnshire, Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Gloucestershire.

During the last 18 months seaside properties in one county alone represented a turnover of nearly £1,000,000. Many were, of course, genuine deals. But many also were instigated by these professional negotiators.

Estate Agent's View

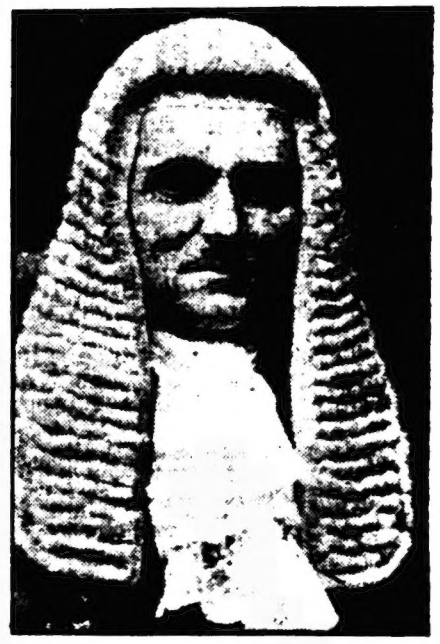
Most estate agents and property valuers are fair-minded men. They are very jealous of their good name.

Only the other day I was discussing this scandal with one of the most prominent estate agents in this country. He asked me, for obvious reasons, not to quote him by name. But he most strongly agreed with all I have written here—and added an opinion which gives an astonishing pointer as to the size of the racket.

"Something like 70 per cent. of the property you mention," he said, "passes through the hands of speculators."

He told me that a secret campaign is being started with the object of discovering the names of the real profiteers and of the agents who act for them.

"We will root them out," he concluded,



Sir Trustram Eve, Chairman of the War Damage Commission, advises property owners to consult a conveyancing solicitor before selling

"before they get to the stage where they begin profiteering, not only in existing property, but in the houses *about to be built.*"

This action shows that he and his colleagues have grave doubts as to the likelihood of the Government taking any effective steps in the near future to end the scandal of house speculation.

Yet it is a matter in which Government action is required at once.

Their first act should be to impose a regulation that a legal "ceiling" of 30 per cent. above the 1939 value is the maximum increase legally permitted on the sale of any property. In addition, there should be a carefully scaled margin for fittings or furniture taken over at the time of sale or transfer.

This done, permanent officials should—with speed and thoroughness—examine the whole problem to ensure that swift means are introduced by which victims of recent property sharks can legally apply for redress in all cases where the circumstances justify it.

BRITAIN'S "BLUE-BIRD COAST" LOOKS VERY MUCH THE SAME

The shady side of coast resorts is given above. Here WILL SCOTT describes the sunny side which holiday-makers will see

"THERE'LL BE BLUE-BIRDS over the white cliffs of Dover . . ." How many of us, I wonder, when we sang that, thought we should see it so soon?

For five years the "Invasion Coast" was cut off from the rest of England. It seemed as far away as the occupied coast of France just across the water. For five years fantastic stories reached us from behind the barriers.

"Margate's gone!" I was told by a man who *knew*, as far back as 1941. And more recently "Dover's finished!" It began to look as though the blue-birds would have a very lonely time if ever they came back "over."

The "Invasion Coast," as we all know, has "had it." There are churches that look like ground plans of themselves. Houses that will never be lived in again.

Twice a Target

Strangest sight of all, perhaps, is the Wesley Hall at Dover. On a corner-stone are the words: "Built 1910, Bombed 1917, ebuilt 1920." The stone is pitted with shrapnel and the first letter of "Rebuilt" has gone—and much else with it. There will be a new line on that corner-stone soon.

A strange sight, too, is that through the hole torn in the side of Dover Hippodrome—the sight of the rows of stalls and the shattered underneath of the dress circle, the pathetic safety curtain. The show went on at Dover Hippodrome right through the war to the last day or two of shelling—and then this.

Castle is Still There

Yes, the "Invasion Coast" has had it, but it is still there. There are many parts of the country that have had it and will never be the same again. But, take it all round, the "Invasion Coast" looks pretty much as it always did.

Dover Castle is where Dover Castle always was. It looks exactly the same. The villages and fields you see from the train window on your way there haven't changed a jot. Dover Harbour is still Dover Harbour. The Lord Warden Hotel still stands.

The poppy-filled cornfields above Pegwell Bay are the poppy-filled cornfields you remember. From Thanet at one end to Hastings at the other he would have to be a sharp-eyed blue-bird who could notice a lot of difference. A year from now, when the plasterers and the painters have done their work, you'll be able to fool every blue-bird in the skies.

The Leas at Folkestone are exactly the same old Leas, with the same old flower-beds and deck-chairs and band-stands. There are bands and dances and Repertory Players. But there is still much requisitioned property here, giving the idea that Folkestone can't get back and carry on just as it would like.

Ice-cream Teas

The Romney Marshes and the twisty streets of Hythe, Margate Jetty and the North Foreland, the busy buses and the ice-cream teas on seaside balconies—these things are very much as they used to be.

It is the atmosphere of the "Invasion Coast" that is different. There is a "feel" about the place that should be experienced before it wears off.

Who hasn't read, in some long-ago novel or other, of the small boy who sat, a hundred years ago, at the feet of a veteran of Waterloo and listened wide-eyed to his tales. Well, *your* boy can be that small boy, if you take him down to the "Invasion Coast" now.

He'll find somebody, sitting on a bench outside a Thanet inn, or beside a fishing-net on the Romney Marsh, ready to tell of how the boys came back in the sunshine from Dunkirk, of how "I asked them in and made them a pot of tea and then took them up to the station."

Tales for Grandchildren

Then, when he's forty and more, *your* boy will be able to say, "I actually spoke myself to an old tar who saw them come in from Dunkirk down there, made them a pot of tea and took them up to the station. Funny old boy he was. I was no more than eight at the time."

Thrilling times just now for the very young, down there. They'll hear tales they'll be telling their grandchildren.

They'll hear, I think, more than they'll see of the days just gone by. For the sights of war are not tarrying long after the sounds.

But there are defences still standing.

Across the Romney Marshes stretch the Martello Towers. Behind the Romney Marshes stretches the Hythe Military Canal. Great defence works that the Luftwaffe missed.

They're not defence works we threw up against Adolf of Austria. They're defence works we threw up against Napoleon—that other one who failed.

Her £100 Bull's-Eye

SIX weeks ago Mrs. R. K. Watts (35, Cobholm Road, Great Yarmouth) resumed her pre-war hobby of *Bullets* and won a small prize with her first shot. Greatly encouraged and helped by her weekly *Bulletins*, she went on—and now she has news of a First Prize success in *Bullets* No. 1,484 to send to her husband, away in a Jap prison camp.

If *you* have a use for a £100 Holiday Cheque, see that you enter on your *Bullets* coupon below.

INCREASED HOLIDAY CASH

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER £375

£100 Cash First plus Free Holiday for Two.

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1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☞ Remeber to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated Aug. 25 with details of new £50 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

BARRIER TO PEACE
STEP FORWARD
AT POTSDAM
SHOCK FOR THE JAP
BACK TO WORK
UNDERSTOOD
SOMEWHERE TO LIVE
JUST LIKE PRE-WAR
RAW DEAL
THE DAY WILL COME WHEN
GOING SHOPPING
ON THE SPOT
AUNTIE'S MASCOT
PUZZLED EVERYBODY
AT THE SEASIDE
THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS
HEARD AT THE GARAGE
TO MAKE AMENDS
WENT DOWN
IN HENPECK'S DREAMS

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

DEMOCRACY'S .....
ABOLISH ..... AND
HARD ON .....
AFTER THE .....
FULL OF .....
IN NO MOOD FOR .....

Result No. 1,486—First Prize £100 & Holiday Week-end

H. W. ISAAC, 45, VICTORIA GARDENS, BIDEFORD.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE HOPE "PARTY" INCLUDES "MAGICIAN"!

£20: E. M. Austin, 45, High Street, Wellington, Salop.
Out Of The Army—Resuming "Bowler"—Expecting "Cricket."

£10: L. Griffin, 29, Cornwall Road, Fratton, Portsmouth.
When The Local Arrived—Station-master "Puffed" From "Local"!

10 of £6:
L. Bourne, 304, Hythe Rd., Ashford, Kent.
Sandy's Car—"Recently Overhauled"—String Tightened!
J. T. Clements, 73, Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, S.W.16.
Our New M.P.—Bombed Wilhelmstrasse—Beware, Whitehall!
W. T. Cockerill, 26, Kensington Avenue, Thornton Heath.
For The Children's Sake—Answer "Why?" Wisely, Otherwise——
H. A. Harrison, 70, Chestnut Avenue, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster.
Depends On Woman's—Hands, Head, Heart—Home.
J. McKee, 510, Oldpark Road, Belfast, N. Ireland.
Bread and Butter—And Roof, My Politics.
J. Moss, c/o Peters, "Powderham," Paradise Road, Teignmouth.
Hard To Beat—Easy To "Win," Englishman.
H. J. Shaw, 52A, Pellerin Road, Stoke Newington, N.16.
When The Bill Arrived—From Solicitor, Consulted Another!
2nd/Lieut. W. K. Snape, 272, Field Battery, R.A., Broom Park, Alnwick.
Sandy's Car — Few Springs — Many "Summers."
A. Spink, 34, Cornwall Road, Bradford.
After All These Years—"Serving" Country, Shop Lost!
F. J. Stanton, 144, Fishponds Road, Tooting, S.W.17.
John, Sam And Ivan—Three Together Preventing "Third."

A list of 20 winners of £2 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES AND PENS WON—XWORD 438.
WINNING WORDS: 1. Staging. 2. Not. 3. Soar. 4. Pony. 5. Wear. 6. Swing. 7. Cool. 8. Lark or Mark. 9. Stale. 10. Lip. 11. Solid. 12. Goat. 13. Rice. 14. Gain.
£50 SHARERS: L. A. Clark, Doncaster; Pte. G. E. Johnson, Uxbridge; Mrs. M. J. Johnson, Uxbridge. Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 20 entrants. All Winners and Runners-up receive Feantal n Pen.

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I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

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CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, AUG. 13

For £50 "BULLETIN" (AUG. 25), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

DEMOBBED—BUT WHAT JOB SHOULD HE TAKE?

Prospects in Forestry as a career. Two points about addresses. Kit that N.F.S. can retain. Leaving Essential Work at sixty-five. House property and Income Tax

"MY SON won a scholarship and went to a secondary school. He did well and passed his School Leaving Certificate examination. He has served in the R.A.F. and will be demobilised fairly soon now, but his father and I are worried about a career for him when he returns to civilian life.

"At present he seems to have no idea what he wants to do. If he could only make up his mind he could get some training in the right subjects before he is released. What would you do in a case like this?"

There are thousands of young men who don't know what occupation to take up on leaving the Forces. I suggest that your son should study the booklet, "Careers for Men and Women," produced by the Ministry of Labour and National Service. He can obtain it free from his Commanding Officer. If you wish to get a copy yourself, the booklet is on sale to the public, price 3d., at His Majesty's Stationery Office, Kingsway, London. A bookseller should be able to get it for you. The booklet briefly describes between forty and fifty possible occupations, and should be a great help in enabling your son to choose a career for which he is fitted and which also appeals to his interests.

Published in conjunction with "Careers for Men and Women" is a series of pamphlets, price 3d. each, describing in greater detail the training, work and prospects of the separate careers outlined in the main booklet. There will be forty-five of these pamphlets when the series is complete. At present eighteen are available.

Careers dealt with will include such varied occupations as brewing, dentistry, administration, personnel management, pharmacy, secretarial work, and many others.

"BEFORE THE WAR I was employed as a clerk to a large firm. Since being in the Forces I have no desire whatever to return to my old job. I feel I should like an active life in the open air and am attracted to the idea of Forestry. I confess I know little or nothing about it. Can you give me some particulars?"

A number of men have asked about this subject. Forestry has a fascinating sound, but, although the Forestry Commissioners have issued a report on post-war training, no Government decision has so far been announced.

Before the war, vacancies for the position of Forestry Officer were about four a year. These officers received good salaries and a house, but required high educational and technical qualifications. Only one school exists for the training of foremen and gangers. This is in Scotland, and the number of men admitted is very small.

Inquiries should be made to the Forestry Commission, Camp House, Promenade, Bristol, 8. Residents in Scotland should write to the Assistant Commissioner for Scotland, Forestry Commission, 25, Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh.

There are University courses in Forestry at Oxford, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and the University College of North Wales, Bangor. If you want particulars, address a letter to the Registrar at the University nearest you. I am afraid, however, that until the Government announces its plans for careers in Forestry the position is rather vague.

"I SHALL BE GLAD to have your opinion on two small points of etiquette: (1) What is the real meaning of 'Esquire' after a man's name and when should it be used? (2) If Mary Smith marries John Robinson, is it wrong to address her as 'Mrs. Mary Robinson'?"

The original meaning of "Esquire" was an attendant on a knight who acted as his armour-bearer. Later on it became a title of dignity one degree below that of a knight. It is properly given to the younger sons of noblemen, to officers of the King's court and household, counsellors-at-law, Justices of the Peace, and gentlemen who have held commissions in the Services. Nowadays, in the addresses of letters, it can be given to anybody as a sort of mild compliment. You can use either "Mr. John Robinson" or "John Robinson, Esq." (But not "Mr." and "Esq."—that is a bad "howler.").

When Mary Smith marries she becomes Mrs. John Robinson. If you don't know the husband's initials you address her as "Mrs. Robinson." There is sometimes a difficulty to-day, however, when so many young married women are sharing the mother-in-law's home.

If You Are Ex-N.F.S.

F. J., Doncaster.—The items which members of the N.F.S. are entitled to retain on discharge are: cap and badge, overcoat, one pair of trousers, shoes (if issued), steel helmet, respirator, eye-shields and anti-gas ointment. The overcoat buttons must be handed in.

S. R., Rothesay.—Under the present labour control, only men over sixty-five years of age can leave work scheduled under the Essential Work Order without obtaining permission from the National Service Officer.

J. M., Worksop.—In law, you are already the owner of your house, and its annual value, as assessed to income tax, Schedule A (which is not necessarily the same as the rateable value), is taken into account as part of your total income on which your tax liability is calculated. Against this, if you are buying your house through a building society, you will have received an allowance each year equal to the interest paid by you.

The effect of paying off the balance, therefore, will be that your relief for interest will cease. If you are in employment and come under the P.A.Y.E. scheme, the tax payable under Schedule A is normally covered by a deduction from your allowance. This results in a lower Code Number and hence higher tax deductions.

W. McC., Blaenavon.—The question of whether a person who is not entitled to a pension at the age of seventy by virtue of the Widows, Orphans and Old Age Contributory Pensions Act is eligible for a pension under the Old Age Pensions Act, and, if so, at what rate, is decided by the local Pension Committee. The claim will be submitted to this committee by the Pension Officer after investigation.

Either the claimant or the Pension Officer may appeal against the committee's decision within seven days from the date when the decision is received. The case will then be decided by the Ministry of Health.

X-WORD CASH. RADIO. PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Bumptious fellow's is hard to endure if he's beaten you in game—BEA□ING. 2. Lad getting mixed up with these is likely to get into trouble—DR□GS. 3. These go with speed, to-day—□CES. 4. Candidate probably gets this in election campaign—M□D. 5. Has sent many a man hurrying in panic to consult doctor—THR□AT. 6. Being this could affect the way you get over things—A□ILE. 7. Certain kind is likely to go further, if really fast—□YE. 8. Transport firm might perhaps accept even small one rather than none—LOA□. 9. Many people wouldn't care for one for a pet—CA□E. 10. Champion suffering painful defeat will probably feel need for—□ALM. 11. Some people consider music DRU□. 12. Mistake in this shows cashier's carelessness—□AY. 13. Is a real help if you want to study—D□N. 14. Utensils of some metals are quite easy to □END.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Aug. 25 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark—**MONDAY, Aug. 13.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 442, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 438 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Seven Seas apart but *they had a Talkie-Vision Conference*

Electronics in Industry to-day

Count a million tiny metal objects in a minute and you will never get a correct count. ELECTRONIC COUNTERS do such tasks with ease—correctly, automatically, quickly.

Mullard have solved many industrial problems. If you need advice, think of Mullard.

Any hour of the day or night Mr. Futura, from his office in England, will be able to hold a three-cornered conference over the INTERNATIONAL ELECTRONIC TALKIE-VISION SYSTEM with two of his business associates; one in New York and the other in Bombay.

Did you say "Impossible"? "It is more than probable" is what we say at Mullard, where there is constant development in the realm of Electronics—for the homes, the offices and the industries of tomorrow.

MULLARD

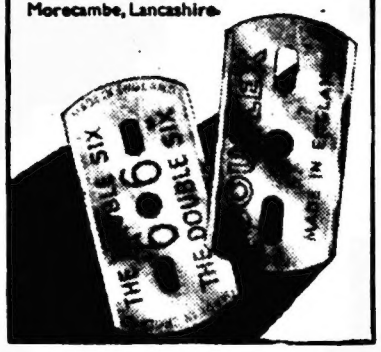
THE DOMINANT NAME IN ELECTRONICS

Radio Valves and other Electron Tubes

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2 (111J)

With a SOUPLEX blade or a DOUBLE SIX . . . you're shaved and spruce in a couple of ticks!

Millions of these famous blades go to the forces on all fronts. Small supplies are available for the public from time to time. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancashire.



FOOD

CADBURYS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

---

but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

The art of making really good coffee is open to anyone lucky enough to get a tin of Nescafé. Just a spoonful in the cup; nearly boiling water; and there's your cup of full-flavoured coffee! Although supplies cannot yet keep up with growing demand, they are evenly distributed—it may be *your* turn soon to get a tin of Nescafé.

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT

composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF

You needn't be dowdy even if you are economising. Thousands of housewives keep their homes and clothes bright and smart simply with Drummer Dyes. You too can get perfect results from home dyeing but make sure you use Drummer Dyes. Try it today—you owe it to yourself to smarten up the colours of which you are so tired.

DRUMMER DYES

IN 25 LOVELY COLOURS—4½d. EACH

Made by makers of Jiffy Dyes, Dolly Cream, Drummer Pine Disinfectant. Wm. Edge & Sons, Ltd.—Bolton

---

Simmering needs **CONTROLLED HEAT**

Baking needs **EXACT HEAT**

Boiling needs **INSTANT HEAT**

GAS

correct cooking heat—always

BRITISH GAS COUNCIL, LONDON, S.W.1. (38)

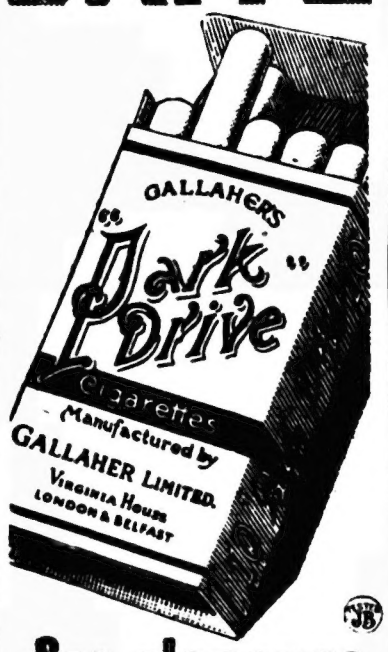
Time and time again a skin trouble which seemed as though it would never heal, has taken a sudden turn and quickly cleared up. The skin that was sore and erupted is clean and healthy again. Days and nights of torment are ended; and all because someone said "Get some Dettol Ointment." This soothing, healing, germ-killing ointment contains in active form the bactericidal ingredient of the famous antiseptic Dettol.

From all Chemists, price 1/5, large size 3/4½, including tax.

Take my advice . . . get some

DETTOL ointment

PARK DRIVE



for pleasure

FOR LIGHTNING SHAVES WITHOUT STING OR BURN

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off—like lightning without sting or burn!

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

NOT SO EASY TO GET NOWADAYS SO GO EASY

...CHANGE TO

COLGATE *Brushless* **SHAVE CREAM**

SUMMER LASTS LONGER

at **Butlin's**

LUXURY HOLIDAY CAMP

FILEY (On the Yorkshire Coast)

All summer attractions in full swing until end of October

INCLUSIVE TERMS from £5.10.0 per week

SPECIAL GALA WEEK AUGUST 25—SEPTEMBER 1

For current dates and booking forms apply: S.B.T. BUTLINS LTD., 439, Oxford Street, London, W.1

BLANCO

The Original WHITE CLEANER

SOLID OR LIQUID

as good as always for WHITE CANVAS & BUCKSKIN SHOES

Warning Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Shalford, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners are called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

SUSTAINED EFFORT

Changed conditions have, for many people, resulted in longer hours and harder work. Not infrequently the extra effort demanded causes headaches and muscular aches and pains. Those responsible for the health of workers in war factories have been quick to recognise the merits of 'ANADIN' in alleviating pain and distress. Invaluable also in the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis and the common cold.

1/5 & 2/10 (*inc. Tax*)

ANADIN

TABLETS

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

BLOTCHY SKIN

RELIEF!

marred by spots, rashes and pimples is quickly cleared by Cuticura Ointment. It assures skin health. Always keep a tin of Cuticura Ointment in the house. Good for cuts, bruises and sores. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder. 62

Cuticura OINTMENT

FOOD FACTS

Your increased Tea Ration

On and after July 22nd the ordinary tea ration is increased to 2½ oz. per week. This is how it will be obtained by holders of the buff general ration book (RB1) and the blue junior book (RB4) :—

4-week period No. 1 (July 22—Aug. 18) { **¼ lb. of tea in exchange for all four coupons at one time, i-e. at the rate of 3 oz. per coupon.**

4-week period No. 2 (Aug. 19—Sept. 15) { **¼ lb. of tea in exchange for all four coupons at one time, i.e. at the rate of 2 oz. per coupon.**

This arrangement makes it possible to continue to use the standard and convenient ¼-lb. packet, and it will continue until further notice. All coupons for odd numbered 4-week periods, e.g. 1, 3, 5 etc., will be worth 3 oz. each, and all coupons for even numbered 4-week periods, e.g. 2, 4, 6 etc., will be worth 2 oz. each.

Tea coupons will normally be used four weeks at a time. But if, for instance, you have been on holiday and have had to give up any tea coupons and have less than four available for any 4-week period, these remaining coupons will be worth 3 oz. or 2 oz. according to the 4-week period in which they are to be used.

Elderly People

There will be no change in the amount of tea for people of 70 years and over. Their ration will still be at the rate of 3 oz. a week, ½ oz. of which will be obtainable every week on supplementary coupons on form R.G.64 if the holder is an old-age pensioner.

Temporary Ration Cards

For users of temporary ration cards, the weekly tea ration will always be 2½ oz.

Other Special Cases

H.M. Forces using the duty ration card R.B.8R will also get 2½ oz. in respect of each weekly coupon but all four tea coupons on the card must be used at one time.

The tea ration for holders of R.B.8A will remain 1 oz. per coupon and there will be no increase for holders of R.B.6 who will still receive 4 oz. per coupon.

LISTEN TO KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

The Ministry of Food, London, W.1. *Food Facts No. 253*

Whether it's 'Quick March' or a ramble

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

keeps shoes bright and comfortable

CB/0X2

NO 'Golden Shred' J.R. instead

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's Robertson's—you can depend on it!

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LIMITED

Golden Shred Works

London Paisley Manchester Bristol

When he's back—

to the meals that mother makes.

ah! BISTO

FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

SNAP VACUUM CLOSURES

Bottle all the fruit you can this year with the aid of Snap Closures—the easiest and surest method of all.

Price 2/6 plus 8d. tax per carton of 12.

GRAHAM FARISH Ltd.

BROMLEY & STAPLEHURST, KENT

It's up to us to keep fit

THERE are three golden rules for fitness. *First:* regular exercise. *Second:* fresh air. *Third:* good food.

Of these simple rules the third is not *quite* so simple as it looks! The fact is that the most appetising food is not always the most nutritious. But there is an easy way to make certain that every meal you eat, however frugal, is rich in nutriment. You simply replace the missing goodness by taking a little pure yeast. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the B Vitamins. Yestamin is yeast in tablet form. When you take Yestamin you take pure dried yeast highly concentrated. You'll like its savoury taste and you'll soon feel the benefit of its vital goodness.

YESTAMIN

Vitamin B1 HCl	20 *I. U. per gram.*
Riboflavin	65 *mcgs. per gram.*
Calcium d-Pantothenate	63 *mcgs. per gram.*
Niacin	455 *mcgs. per gram.*
Vitamin B6 HCl	34 *mcgs. per gram.*

TABLETS 1/1½, 3/- *per bottle*

POWDER 1/4½, 2/3, 4/- *per tin*

The English Grains Co. Ltd. Burton-on-Trent.

I'm on VELVET!

BLADE

MADE IN SHEFFIELD ENGLAND

1½d AT WOOLWORTHS

10 for 1'2

20 for 2'4

CRAVEN 'A'

For your throat's sake

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

CA. 1156

MILLIONS OF WHISKERS whisked away EVERY MORNING

by this softening smoothing soothing lather

1/6 & 2/6 Inc Tax

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